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A TALE OF ANDORRA.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

THE sun had set behind the hills which overhang the town of Foix, and the murmuring of the Ariège was becoming more and more audible in the growing silence of a September twilight; the tower of Gaston Phœbus and its companions, and the abrupt rock which they crown, stood out in sharp and distinct outline against the clear sky; and lights were already twinkling from the gable casements of the picturesque old houses huddled together below—when one evening, now some years ago, a man, mounted on a handsome mule, entered a by-lane branching off the road from Tarascon, and accosting a solitary loungeur who was leaning lazily against a door-post, inquired with a Catalonian accent for the house of M. Pierre Leblanc. There was nothing very striking in the stranger's appearance, nor, though his hat was drawn over his brows, and an ample cloak concealed his figure, had he shewn any such desire to avoid observation as to have awakened the curiosity of those he had encountered on his way.

'Monsieur Pierre Leblanc?' said the idler, without changing his attitude further than to point jerkingly to his own breast with the forefinger of one hand—'that's myself—at your service, señor. Enchanted at making your acquaintance.'

Looking keenly at him for a moment, the other then dismounted, and patting his mule on the neck, said: 'Mina, watch!' on which the animal gave a saucy toss of its head, as if to intimate that it was perfectly aware of its duty, and did not require to be reminded of it. 'I wish to speak to you, and alone,' then said the Spaniard to Leblanc.

'Oh! indeed. Very well. This way then. Will your beast not walk off? No? Well, you should know best. This way;' and as he spoke he preceded the other up a steep staircase to a room where a wood-fire was smouldering on the hearth, and a candle with a long wick was dropping grease upon a table. Then placing two chairs, one on each side of the chimney-piece, with lavish and ostentatious courtesy, he invited his guest to be seated.

'My name is Carlos,' said the stranger as he sat down.

'Only Carlos? Well, the name is perfectly familiar to me,' returned Leblanc, with a slightly sneering grin and a bow.

Without designating himself more particularly, or taking any apparent notice of the insinuated interrogation which these words contained, the Catalonian placed an elbow on the table, rested his chin on his hand, and pushing back his hat a little, cast a quick

glance round the apartment, and then bent a long and scrutinising look on his companion. The room was meanly furnished, but there was an air of tawdry finery about it, and a display of the occupant's taste in a profusion of what were meant as ornaments. Thus, though a bed, a few chairs, the table, and a cabinet, constituted nearly all that was useful in it, the walls were covered with trashy prints; amongst which, representations of favourite dancers in favourite characters were conspicuous. Over the chimney-piece, in what was probably intended to be the place of honour, but placed between hideous likenesses of Fieschi and his mistress, Nina Lassave, was a tolerable engraving, entitled 'The Arrest of Charlotte Corday'; while a large space was devoted to a sort of gallery of wood-cuts, taken from a cheap illustrated edition of some of Alexander Dumas's novels. On the cabinet stood a stucco Magdalene; in one corner was a guitar, and in another some fishing-tackle; on a nail driven into the door hung a tawdry shawl and a parasol that had seen many a sun; a shelf was occupied by some bottles, a few glasses, several blackened pipes, a half-emptied thirty-two sous packet of government tobacco, two or three dirty packs of cards, and a villainous-looking dagger, or rather knife, without a sheath. As for M. Leblanc himself, he was a slightly-made young man, with a sallow complexion, a look as if his eyes were habitually unwilling to meet those of others, and bloodless lips subject every now and then to nervous twitchings, which gave him a very sinister expression.

'Well, Monsieur Carlos,' said he at last, as he evidently winced under the scrutiny of the other, 'pray what is your business with me? I suppose you have some?'

'A sentence of death has been pronounced'—began Carlos slowly.

'Ha! I see you know me,' interrupted Leblanc, with a slight start. 'Well, where is it?'

'In the Valley of Andorra.'

'Ah! up the mountains—in the Pyrenees themselves. On a man or a woman?'

'On a man.'

'Hm—a man,' said the sallow young man, with a look of disappointment: 'never any women come my way—I have no luck; whereas old Levi— But no matter. Well, what are the circumstances? Anything very interesting in the drama? Anything romantic?'

'As to the details,' said Carlos, eyeing his companion with ill-concealed repugnance, 'I have neither time nor inclination to narrate them. Suffice it to say, that a husband has been found guilty of poisoning his wife. Now, perhaps you know that there is no executioner in Andorra.'

'Ha! I begin to understand!' said Leblanc.

'The magistrates of the valley have therefore resolved to apply to the executioner of the adjacent French department.'

'The Ariège, in which I have the honour of holding the office you speak of.'

'And,' continued Carlos, 'you may expect the mayor of Andorra and the French *viguier* within an hour.'

'We shall look upon their visit as truly a high compliment. But, excuse me, Monsieur Carlos, if I ask you again what is the object of yours?'

'You shall hear it, and that in few words, for my time is short: I must not be seen here by those gentlemen.'

'No! Why not? You surprise me! A person of so respectable an appearance, and doubtless of such real respectability, as Monsieur Carlos, afraid to meet the respectable'—

'I did not say afraid, Monsieur Leblanc,' interrupted the other in his turn, his voice slightly raised—'not afraid. The fact is simply this: the condemned man has friends who would save him; they are ready to make every effort. It does not lie within the limits of your duty to go so far as the valley—you cannot be called on to go officially; if you decline, they will show themselves grateful.'

'Hm—you are very fond of your relative'—

'He is no relative of mine,' interrupted Carlos hastily.

'No? What interests you, then, so particularly in this man's fate? Is he'—

'No matter who he is, or who I am. Time presses. The *viguier* and mayor will offer you so much; refuse, as well you are entitled to do, and you shall have double the sum, whatever it is.'

'Hm—well, that is fair enough. But what guarantee? I am too gay a fellow to be rich—and promises, you know'—

'Take this for earnest-money,' said Carlos, placing a canvas-bag upon the table, and pushing it towards his companion.

'Hm—about a hundred and fifty francs, I should say,' muttered Leblanc, as he took the bag and weighed it musingly in his hand. 'Well, I don't care if I do as you wish,' resumed he, after a pause. 'And what afterwards?'

'Double whatever the mayor and *viguier* may offer you, as I have already said.'

'Handsome enough too—hm.'

'You smoke? I promise you such cigars as you never smoked before, and no stint measure of them.'

'Hm—very fair—very fair. Our cigars here are certainly execrable—on this side the frontier, I mean.'

'Those I speak of shall pay no duty, nor the generous rancio either, which I shall take care you receive, nor the old Malmsey. I have many acquaintances in Barcelona. Come, what say you? Is it a bargain?'

'Let it be so,' cried Leblanc, making up his mind. 'It is a bargain: there is my hand on it.'

'Good!' said Carlos, taking the hand of the executioner, though to hide his disgust cost him a mighty effort. 'Good! In a week you shall see me again.'

'Hm—very good. But you may as well leave me your address,' said Leblanc—'your name'—

'What!' cried the other fiercely; 'leave you my name and address?' But, mastering his indignation, he added in a low and hurried tone: 'I come from Puigcerda. Any one about the north gate of that town will tell you where to find Carlos the muleteer. Are you satisfied?'

'Why, I suppose I must be,' said Leblanc sulkily.

Carlos rose, threw his ample cloak over his shoulder, and saying simply, 'Then I depend upon you,' cast a stern glance on the Frenchman, and left the room.

'I do not like the look of that fellow,' muttered Leblanc to himself. 'It might be dangerous not to keep faith with him.'

On the fourth morning after his visit to Foix, Carlos, mounted as before on the docile Mina, drew near to the town of Perpignan. Both he and his mule seemed wayworn and tired; nor is this to be wondered at, when it is considered that, since leaving Foix, they had enjoyed scarcely an hour of repose. Crossing the bridges over the Tet, and passing, after due inspection by the officials, the last of the many barriers by which the fortress is protected, the muleteer wound his way, as one who knew it well, among the narrow and dirty streets, where neighbours were conversing and laughing joyously from balconies on opposite sides of the way, which nearly touched each other. He skirted one or two open squares, in which, it being a fête-day, the inhabitants, in all the variety of their holiday suits, were amusing themselves, some in singing the local airs and the *patois* peculiar to Roussillon; others in executing with great activity and glee the extraordinary dances of the country, amongst which, without attempting to describe it, we may mention that known as *Lo Salt*. 'The fools!' muttered Carlos to himself, on whose present feelings the scene jarred painfully, though he was known among his friends as usually a most enthusiastic merry-maker—'the fools! They would dance on their fathers' graves, I believe. But I must collect my thoughts, despite of them. This Levi is a Frenchman, and a Jew to boot. The Virgin defend us from Frenchmen, Jews, and Moors! Yet a Catalan is no fool, but a match, I hope, for any or all of the three. *Mucho sabe el rato pero mas el gato*—the rat is well enough, but the cat is better. They say he is very religious—may Heaven reward him for it! So it is of no use trying to catch and bridle him with wine, cigars, or money, as a temptation. I must act according to circumstances and the temper I find him in. When the sun rises, we are able to judge of the weather, and a horse must be shod according to his hoof. If so very religious he be, I daresay Padre Tomaso of Urgel will be able to procure me a relic or two. May the saints forgive me, however, if I should have to give relics to a Jew, even though he be converted to our holy faith! But now, Mina, my dear, my darling!—this is the way. So—gently. I think I should know the house.'

And it seemed that Carlos did know it. In a filthy lane—in modern times filthy and the Hebrews seem always to go together—stood a very old and exteriorly much dilapidated house, at the door of which the muleteer halted; and, leaving Mina with the same cautionary words as at Foix, struck a single blow with a large grinning lion-faced knocker. For some time no attention was paid to the summons; but at last a casement on the floor above was opened cautiously, and a young girl of a deep olive complexion, jet-black hair, and with large lustrous eyes, asked the stranger in a timid voice, which had a melancholy music in it strange to hear, whom he wanted, and what his business was.

'I seek Monsieur Levi, and on a matter connected with his office,' was the answer.

The girl, with a shudder, but without any reply, withdrew. In a few minutes, Carlos heard sundry bolts in the portal shot back, a key turned rustily in the lock, and an old man opened a low and narrow wicket which formed part of the large folding-doors. This man, after a short but keen scrutiny of his visitor, beckoned him to enter, which Carlos did with a deep bow, necessitated as much by the nature of the means of ingress as by his natural courtesy. The other then replaced the means of security, and led the way across a grass-grown court, and up a broad but ruinous outside staircase on the other side of it, into

a corridor panelled with worm-eaten wainscot, at the end of which a door stood ajar. By this they entered a large and lofty chamber, nearly devoid of furniture; a couple of chairs and a table, on which stood a large crucifix beside a weighty folio, being in fact all it contained.

'Be seated, friend, and let me have your name, for I know you not, and tell me what you would with me. My daughter says your business is official,' said the old man briefly, yet with courtesy. His features were of the best type to be found among his people; his long white hair covered his shoulders, and contrasted, in a way that would have pleased the eye of a painter, with the black velvet skull-cap he wore; his beard, too, was long, white, and flowing; a loose gown concealed his figure, which, however, one could easily see was not at all bent with years.

'Monsieur Levi,' said Carlos, 'the matter is this: a foul murder has been committed in the Valley of Andorra—a man has poisoned his wife. He has been sentenced to death, but there is no executioner in the valley. The executioner at Foix has declined to interfere. In these circumstances, the magistrates of Andorra have resolved to apply to you.'

'Proceed,' said the old man, as the other paused.

'And they are even now on their way hither with that intent.'

'Before I can do anything in the matter,' said Levi, 'they must apply to the prefect of this department for his authority.'

'That they will have done: they did so in the Ariège.'

'Good. Well, if they obtain it, they will find me ready for the duty.'

'Duty!' cried Carlos impetuously; 'how duty? It is no duty of yours; you are not called on to have anything to do with the business.'

'Then whose duty is it?' asked Levi simply.

'I know not; I only know it cannot be yours.'

'Therein you are mistaken,' said the old man mildly. 'It is the duty of every man, each in his own sphere, and so far as in him lies, to aid the law and fulfil its decrees, if he can. I am, as you evidently know, an executioner. If, therefore, my professional services, which are services of a special kind, are called for, it is plainly my duty, however abhorrent it may be to me personally to do such a thing, at once to be ready for the performance of a service which few others could undertake.'

'Or would, if they could, I should hope,' interrupted Carlos indignantly.

'I can, and will,' returned the other, in an unmoved tone; 'and it is because I can, that I will. As I have said, such is my duty. I hold it to be my sacred duty.'

For a minute or two, there was silence. Carlos was collecting his thoughts, and considering how to deal with a man whose ideas ran so counter to his wishes. After this pause, and finding that the muleteer did not speak, Levi continued: 'We do not seem to be of the same way of thinking, friend. That is likely enough. I do not expect that many should think as I do; but your object in coming here—was it to dissuade me from facing this duty? It would seem so. Speak! But, first, let me remind you that you are wholly a stranger to me.'

'My name is Carlos. I am well known in Puigcerda, and in all the country round it; and I am not unknown even on this side the frontier, too. I am a muleteer. I am interested in the condemned man.'

'He is, perhaps, a relative of yours?' said the executioner, as he of Foix had said before him.

'No, no—I am not related to him. He is not even my friend. No! On the contrary, he is my bitterest enemy. Never did two men hate each other more than Guyonemé Sagrita and I do!'

'Strange!' said the old man, manifesting considerable curiosity. 'Why, then, do you?'

'You shall hear,' interrupted Carlos—'you shall hear why I will not have Sagrita die a felon's death—why I will not have it, I say!' and he struck the table passionately.

'I listen,' said Levi calmly, yet not without still shewing marks of interest.

'There is a girl in Puigcerda whom I love. No matter what her name is—it is bad enough to speak of her at all in connection with this matter. Indeed, I wonder how I can bring myself to speak to you of her at all. But I believe I may trust you—you are no gossip, I should think? I may trust you?'

'You may,' said Levi, in his usual cold tone.

'He is her cousin,' continued Carlos, speaking very low, but very distinctly, 'and my rival.'

'Not a favoured one, however, I should suppose?' said Levi.

'No, no, indeed. But if he were to die shamefully on the scaffold, what would be the result to me? Do you think my Juana would bring me disgrace as a dowry? Oh, you do not know her! She would enter a convent—she would be lost to me for ever! Do you understand now?'

'I do. I am sorry for you. But the matter does not depend on me. My duty.'

'Duty again!' cried Carlos. 'You drive me mad with your duty. Why, old man?'

'Is it, then, so clearly your duty, father?' asked a melancholy but very sweet voice. Old Levi started, and saw that, unperceived, his daughter had entered the room. Carlos recognised in her the girl who had spoken to him from the casement.

'Go, child—go! Go, Rachel,' said Levi. 'You do not well to enter unbidden—you do not well to interfere with what concerns you not. Go, my child.'

'I am rebuked, and I obey,' said the girl meekly.

'Yet, father, bethink thee. Remember my dream—that dream I told thee of but yesterday. Is it not fulfilled? Is not this maiden of whom the stranger speaks, the dove thou wast preparing to smite? Art thou one of the children of Issachar for nought?'

The old man seemed somewhat troubled: his daughter continued:

'Thy duty! Dost thou not remember the English traveller who talked with thee on the subject of thy dreadful profession?'

'It is the law; it stands in our law,' said Levi, speaking hurriedly, and in a somewhat faltering tone. 'And not only in our law—I proved it to that Englishman—but in the words of the Most High even to Noah: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." There is scarcely a more ancient commandment.'

'And what said the English stranger?' asked Rachel in a thrilling tone. 'Said he not that, if so the Scripture should be interpreted, thy calling should be greatly held in honour of men. Is it so? Art thou honoured? Is thy Rachel, being thy daughter, honoured amongst the daughters of other men?'

The old man seemed confused, and mumbled something inarticulately.

'And thy other Rachel, my father.'

'Stay, I command you!' cried Levi impetuously. 'Speak not of that angel now.'

'It was her lot—it is mine,' resumed the young girl after a moment. 'But the bride of this stranger, why should she be brought to reproach through thee, father? Why should he and she be brought to sorrow that must last all the days of the years of their pilgrimage?'

The old man rose, and paced the room for some minutes. At last he said: 'It is enough. On what grounds, monsieur, did Leblanc of Foix excuse himself?'

'On the ground that the matter rested with the

Spanish authorities and not with the French. The excuse was admitted; and observe, Monsieur Levi, that in your case it would be even more valid, seeing that Perpignan is much further from Andorra than Foix.'

'And his motive, Monsieur Carlos?' asked the executioner, fixing a penetrating look on the other.

'I promised,' replied the other, in a hesitating tone, 'to make his refusal no loss to him.'

'Ha!' cried Levi fiercely, and as if he were glad to find an excuse for breaking off the interview. 'And me, too, you would bribe—bribe! Hearst thou, Rachel? They would bribe thy father! Begone, monsieur, begone; and insult no more an honest man who will do his duty—who, mark me, will do his duty, cost what it may!'

The moment was an anxious one; Rachel cast down her eyes and was silent; for a moment Carlos thought all was lost, but, regaining his self-possession, he replied firmly to the outbreak: 'No, monsieur—no, indeed; you and Monsieur Leblanc are very different men.'

The old man looked keenly at him, but his expression was a mollified one.

'No two beans are alike,' continued Carlos. 'Leblanc is selfish—I appealed to his selfishness; you are just and humane—I came to appeal to your justice and humanity. Have I failed?'

Another long silence followed. At last, with an evident effort Levi said: 'Stranger, go in peace. For the sake of this child, and for the memory of her mother, it shall be as you wish. Fear not. Farewell! It is the will of Heaven.'

'Farewell!' said Carlos, taking the young girl's hand and raising it respectfully to his lips. In another minute, he was in the saddle, and had turned Mina's head towards the Spanish frontier.

THE DIGNITY-OF-LABOUR QUESTION.

We hear much from time to time of the dignity of labour. It has long been a favourite theme with more than one class of writers, popular, or seeking to be popular; and it is a capital stock-subject for the perambulating lecturer's platform, and a good card to play when you want to trump your adversary's suit in the game which comes off on the hustings at electioneering times. On such occasions it is that we are reminded how 'labour stands on golden feet'—how the working-man is the real, gigantic, creative force which practically does everything that is done at all—how it is he that transforms the wilderness into a garden—that takes the savage from his holes and dens, changes him into a philosopher and statesman, and sets him in palaces, &c. If there ever was any argument in this sort of rhetoric, which appears to me rather doubtful, the argument has by this time lost its force through sheer iteration, and makes no more impression upon the mind than does the everlasting dashing of the mill-stream upon the organs of the miller. If I, who have been a working man or boy for nearly thirty years of my life, may be allowed to express an opinion, it would be to the effect that this grandiloquent and indirect way of designating him with flattering titles is not the sort of thing to be of much service to the labourer. I don't think that unearned or half-earned laudations lead to endeavour or to the growth of self-respect, and I have observed that wherever these two things are wanting, though labour may stand on golden feet, it is often in want of a decent pair of shoes and stockings to keep them from the mire. How to raise the labourer to the level of his calling—to make him as respectable as is

the work of his hands—to lift him from the slough of ignorance, intemperance, and willing dependence—this is a problem I should like to assist in solving.

I lay pondering this question the other night long after the echoes of the last football had died out in the street below; next morning, it still lingered in my thoughts; and when I sat down to the desk in my three-pair back, after breakfast, and began mending my pen, it remained uppermost. So I resolved to devote my scraps of time to saying something about it; and, looking out of the window, over the roofs and among the chimney-stacks, for an idea to start with, my eyes lighted on a spectacle, than which I could have desired nothing more suitable for a text.

My window, which is elevated some thirty feet, overlooks, at a distance of about twenty yards, the flat roofs of a row of two-story houses, perhaps a dozen in number. The roofs are all on one level, and covered with lead, with a low wall or battlement on either side. The leaden roof had got out of repair; and a party of plumbers, four in number, had emerged from a trap-door in the central house, and, armed with a brasier, a melting-pot, a few lumps of lead, a few planks, and sundry soldering-irons, &c., addressed themselves to the performance of the necessary reparations. But how did they set about it? I shall record their proceedings *seriatim*, conceiving that they have something to do with the dignity-of-labour doctrine, and may throw some useful light upon it. First, the brasier was fixed upon the planks, the melting-pot mounted in its place, and a fire lighted under it—a couple of the irons being placed to heat in the fire. While the lead is melting, two of the men walk up and down the roofs, apparently in search of the defective spots to be repaired; and these they mark with chalk. A third turns the cover of the trap-door over, and chalks upon its inside a large square, divided by cross-lines into nine smaller squares. This he places in a convenient spot, against a central stack of chimneys, chalking off a line distant from the board exactly seven paces. The fourth man now produces from his pocket a small bag containing nine drops or dumps of lead of a few ounces each; and the whole four, having tossed up for partners, commenced playing the game of pitch, each throwing the dumps in turn, and scoring what numbers he made on his own side of the chimney. The squares appeared to bear the same numbers as the cups on a bagatelle-board, the centre square counting double. For two hours the game goes on, the only work done being an occasional replenishing of the fire. At eleven o'clock, the balance of the game is struck, and one man goes off with the winnings to purchase beer. During his absence, some small ladles are dipped into the melted metal, and on various parts of the roof, and by the aid of these and the application of the hot iron, a number of shining demonstrations are soon visible. But the messenger is back in a quarter of an hour, bringing a gallon-can with him; and the party spend the next three-quarters in discussing its contents, comfortably seated on the sill of the trap-door. At noon they resume work, and continue it in a leisurely way for nearly an hour, when it is time to go to dinner, and they disappear.

In the afternoon, so soon as the fire is replenished, the nine-square game is resumed, and continued until close upon four o'clock, when suddenly the game-board is turned with its face downwards, three of the men scamper off, each with a ladleful of lead, and the fourth is busy feeding the fire and replenishing the metal-pot. The cause of this sudden fit of industry is soon apparent, for the fireman has hardly pocketed the dumps, when the foreman emerges from the trap-door, and begins a survey of what has been done. He appears to have no suspicion, and retires after giving a few directions. In ten minutes after his departure, all further pretence of work is abandoned for the day

—something less than two hours having been passed in labour.

For three days more, this farce continued, and then the job was supposed to be finished. That everything done might have been done in a single day, and that with ease, I do not hesitate to declare; but this perhaps the dignity of labour would not allow.

Were this exploit of the gambling plumbers a solitary instance in my experience, of the way in which working-men sometimes plunder the paymaster, or defeat his purposes, I would not have set it down here as an evidence against them; but I have in my time seen so much of the working of the same spirit—I have seen such direful mischiefs resulting from it, as well to working-men themselves as to their employers—and I am so well aware of its prevalence at the present moment, and the danger attending it, that I do not feel justified in refraining from any exposure which may draw down upon it the rebuke it merits. Not long ago, a case came to my knowledge in which the foulest wrong and injury were inflicted upon a generous and benevolent man, because he could not be induced to submit to extortion. The case was this: wishing to add a sheet of ornamental water to the garden-grounds of his country-seat, situated on the skirts of a village, he had half an acre of his land dug out to form the pond, and a brick culvert constructed, from a rivulet nearly a mile off, to feed it. The culvert ran under a neighbour's grounds, and beneath his own lawn. He employed the labourers of the village and neighbouring district to do the whole work, and paid them liberally; but he would not allow them to drink as they chose at his expense; and in revenge, while taking his money, they contrived and carried out a plan for ruining his undertaking, and flooding him out of his house. It succeeded so well, that it drove him from the place for ever. He sold his land and residence, and transferred his enterprise to another county. He lost a heavy sum by their treachery, and they lost the advantage of his capital and enterprising spirit, which would in all likelihood have provided employment for them and their children for many years.

A builder of my acquaintance contracted to execute a certain piece of work within a given time. There was no difficulty about it, and not the slightest necessity for hurry. He placed the usual complement of hands upon it, and kept them at work the usual hours. The work proceeded prosperously, and was advancing towards completion, when the men by accident arrived at the knowledge that the employer was bound in a considerable sum to get everything done by a specified time. They immediately relaxed in their exertions, and evinced a determination to defeat his object; he threatened legal punishment, but they knew he was at their mercy, and still dawdled on. It was, at last, only by the bribe of a supper and drink that they could be roused to sufficient energy to make up for lost time, and save him from the ruinous penalty.

Lately, when the newspapers were relieved from the burden of the stamp-duty, a sufficient amount of capital was subscribed by a company of shareholders for starting, with fair prospects of success, a new journal in a provincial town. With the view of getting it out in a workman-like way, a staff of men were sent down from London, having been engaged at the customary scale of wages. Finding, when they got there, that the managers of the affair were not practical printers, they contrived to double their charges by additions for overtime, and for many weeks received nearly double wages. This could not go on long without investigation by a qualified printer. The scrutiny that followed revealed the curious fact, that sufficient sums had been paid for overtime to cover the whole of the work done, and that virtually nothing had been done save in over-hours—so that, if

the accounts were to be credited, the whole staff must have slept but once a week! As a matter of course, the extortion was put an end to—when the same staff did the whole work for the usual wages, though I have not heard that a word has been said by them about refunding.

An editorial friend wrote to me the other day, that having had a difference with his compositors, he had met them candidly, argued the question deliberately, and shewn them, to their apparent conviction, that they were wrong, and that he was right. They had no further plea to advance, and they returned to their work. On publication-night, however, it was found that the machine was out of order—the cylinders screeched and moaned, but would not go round. Post-time came, and not a copy was worked off; and the post for that day was lost. Still the machine would not move; and the 'forms,' as a last resource, were carted to a neighbouring printer, but for whose kindness in lending his machine the paper could not have appeared at all. When the engineer came to examine into the cause of failure, it was proved to be the result of wanton malice, and was finally traced to the very malcontents who had originated the difference which had lately been the subject of debate.

Things quite as bad as this I have seen in my own experience. I might go on, and swell the hateful list of industrial crimes—for they are nothing less—to the end of a much longer chapter than I should be permitted to publish in these columns; but I have said enough on that head, and may be spared the pain of further revelations of the kind. There are things, however, of a less detestable and suicidal description, which, inasmuch as they prevail to a far greater extent, and are more or less tolerated as recognised customs among working-men, call perhaps yet more loudly for animadversion. They may not be crimes, though the honesty of some of them is more than questionable; but they are meanesses, intensely disgusting and annoying to a truly independent spirit, while in practice they are nuisances to those who are compelled to submit to the infliction, and are, some of them, woefully oppressive to individuals out of favour with fortune. First of all, there is the 'footing' nuisance, which is practically a fraud committed upon an unfortunate comrade by those who are better off. Again and again have I seen a poor fellow, after tramping hundreds of miles in search of employment, mulcted of an amount equal to half his week's earnings, to provide his shop-mates with the means of drinking his health, forsooth—as though his health would not profit more by the substitution of decent garments for the rags that cover him, and the purchase of which has to be delayed for a week or two longer, till he recovers from the expense of the footing. The worst of it is, that by the time he has done that, his extra services may be no longer wanted, and he has to foot it fifty miles further, to pay another footing when he again gets work. This system not only defrauds but demoralises the tramp, because it justifies him in levying a contribution wherever he cannot obtain employment, until at length it comes to pass that he travels as much with the intention of raising subscriptions as of working at his trade. Workmen are everywhere loud in their complaints on the score of tramp-levies: if they resolve, as they should do, to stop the supplies thus raised, they must, to strike a just balance, abolish the footings.*

Next, as to the periodical feastings, which generally take place towards the close of summer. Where these are fairly got up, and conducted on a reasonable plan, they constitute pleasant and cheerful reunions, agreeable and advantageous to all parties. If the employer

* In many respectable houses in London, this reform has been effected in whole or in part, the footing being abolished altogether, or the payment of it deferred until the new hand has received six weeks' wages.

chooses to pay any portion of the expense incurred, I see no reason against that; but it is an unjust and disgraceful thing that, in addition to the cash he disburses towards the annual dinner or supper, or country excursion, he should be made to pay indirectly an amount that may happen to be ten times as large. In establishments where material of any kind comes in in the rough and goes out in the finished manufactured state, it is the practice that those who supply the rough material are taxed to pay the expense of recreations for men who are not *their* workmen, but the workmen of their customers. The tax is levied by deputations from the houses they supply; and as an attempt to escape it would damage their connection, it is invariably paid—and as invariably, there can be no doubt, repaid in the charges made for the goods supplied. The practice is disgraceful; and the wonder is, that men in good situations, and earning, as they do, comfortable incomes from year to year, should continue to countenance it.

Another senseless and cruel anomaly is the tyranny of some of the trade-union laws, against which the victims have no appeal. In many trades, the union has decreed, for the protection of the operatives, that a specified amount of wages shall be paid for a specified number of hours per week, and that no man shall work for less. The wages are calculated according to the value of the time of an efficient workman; and for all who come up to that standard, the law may be supposed to work beneficially. But in all trades there are men who are not efficient workmen, and, from natural inaptitude and various other causes, never will be so. Most of them are perfectly conscious of their want of skill, and would be glad to compound for such lower rate of wages as would fairly remunerate their labour. This, however, they are not permitted to do; and their combination law puts them in the condition of a merchant who, having certain goods to sell, is condemned to sell them for more than they are worth, or not to sell them at all. The consequence is, that the inefficient workman, who has the same right to make the most he can of his labour as the best, is virtually shut out of the labour-market, and, except during seasons of extraordinary demand, can rarely find employment; and when he does find it, is sure not to keep it long. I could write down from recollection a score of names of such men, who have been driven from post to pillar for the best part of their lives, and have endured in consequence all manner of misery, who might have obtained permanently comfortable employment, but for the law which forbade them to work for less than the established wages. It is of no use to urge, in reply to this, that such men have their remedy in the opportunity which is open to them of working at piece-work. In many occupations, work cannot be paid by the piece, and in others, where it might be so paid for, the custom of piece-work does not prevail; and again, it will often happen that the piece-work of an untaught or half-taught hand must be valued in the same ratio as his time. The combination law, therefore, does all it can to condemn such a man to idleness, and should be replaced by one that would allow every man, whatever his abilities as a workman, to make the most of them, and to secure half a loaf when he cannot get a whole one.

I shall mention but one offence more, and that is as much a public nuisance as it is an individual meanness: I allude to the practice which working-men, who are sent out by their employers to labour, have of levying drink-mail from the inmates of the houses where they work. Why is it that when the tiler comes to repair my roof, the carpenter's man to mend the floors, the smith to restore the locks, the plumber to make good the frosted pipes, the plasterer to whitewash the ceilings, or the painter to give a coat of paint—why is it that I should be expected to

find them all in beer? Am I an enemy to each and all of these professionals, and do they resent my appeal for their services by spoiling my cellar or my purse? If not, on what grounds is the demand made? Is the demand a threat? If I don't furnish the beer or the beer-money, will the roof continue to let in water, the pipes to let it out?—will the whitewash turn out anything but white, and the paint never get dry? Positively, I have a fear that something of the sort will happen, and therefore it is that I hand over the buksheesh, and not because the fellows deserve or ought to have it. I think them little better than knaves, and I know them to be blockheads, for asking it; but I submit to the trumpety extortion, to escape the risk of a serious inconvenience to which it is in their power to subject me.

To all these things, then, and to more of the kind, or analogous to them, of which he has no need that I should inform him, I would draw the workman's attention. What are they all but the means of purchasing contempt at the paltriest price? What becomes of the dignity of labour while these things are tolerated? It is nonsense to talk of dignity to those who want decent self-respect. If the workman is paid for his work, what right has he to exact more?—and why should he descend from the equality upon which he ranks with his employer, so long as he gives value for value, and make a beggar of himself? What right has he to disgrace his whole class by turning pauper, and, as he sometimes does, enforcing his beggar's petition by a threat, implied if not expressed? thus reducing the 'independent labourer' to a level not far above that of—a practitioner who shall be nameless.

Look at this sort of thing, my friends, in its proper light, and learn to loathe it utterly in all its shapes and aspects, multitudinous as they are; and until you can do that, don't dream that you are in any way connected with the dignity of labour. Get upon higher ground. In all your doings, do as you would be done by. Render to every man his due, and expect and accept no more for your service than its appointed wage. Your dignity is bound up with your independence, which must begin at this point. If you cannot lay this foundation, you need not expect even to come at the knowledge of what is meant by the dignity of labour.

BURIAL PARAPHERNALIA IN SCOTLAND.

We still occasionally meet with some relic of the olden time, some lingering memento of the past, referring to customs but little known, if at all, to many of the present generation. However ridiculous some of these may now appear, we are unwilling to treat them with levity, or speak of them with disrespect. There is a sacredness associated with the past, akin to that connected with the memory of the dead, which it is becoming to preserve inviolate, in accordance with the generous sentiment of the Roman adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. In the present paper, we shall mention one or two ancient Scottish customs, with regard to the burial of the dead, which have not yet entirely disappeared.

The encoffining, or, as it was called in the vernacular, the *kisting* of the dead, was regarded as of greater consequence, and observed with more solemnity in the olden time than now—religious exercises being considered indispensable. This was the reopening of the fountain of grief; and if it was not the final opportunity for taking farewell, it involved the wrenching of another tie, the complete isolation of the beloved from all that once was dear. Before this, the body might be considered as still holding its place almost in the domestic circle. The death-chamber could be entered, and the death-couch visited at will. It occupied a place belonging likewise to others of the family,

who should recline there on its being vacated by its silent incumbent; and in after-days, they would tell it was there such and such a one breathed his last. The encasing of the body was, therefore, the second step in its removal from the family group; it was now consigned to its own particular tenement; it was alone—shut in from all the world, to rest in silence and darkness till another change should come. The lid, however, was not screwed down till the morning of the burial; but few were the visits now paid. The coffin was itself doleful and forbidding; yet the mother would softly steal in with a wistful heart, tremblingly lift the lid, remove the face-cloth, and kiss and weep over her unconscious child.

It was customary for the minister or an elder to be present on this solemn occasion, who was conducted into the death-chamber to see the body put into the coffin, and offer up a suitable prayer for the consolation of the bereaved family. This was, doubtless, a very appropriate season for such religious exercise, which must have been an important ministrant to the spiritual comfort of the afflicted mourners. The custom, however, had its origin in an act of parliament. It is always pleasing to find the government of a country attentive not only to the temporal but also the spiritual necessities of its people, and especially sympathising with them in their moments of affliction. It affords, indeed, a great mitigation of our woes when kings are our fathers, and queens our nursing-mothers, making, as it were, our individual cases their own; and, in return for such manifestations of parental feeling, we cannot withhold the gratitude, the loyalty, and the affection which spontaneously arise in our bosoms. But, alas! the act referred to was not passed with the spiritual consolation and the religious exercise in view; it was designed for a far different purpose—namely, *for the improvement of the LINEN manufacture within the kingdom*. One may smile at the recital of such a cause, and think that so great a zeal for the benefit of the linen-draper and manufacturer but ill accorded with the sanctity of the house of mourning, and was like seeking the living among the dead. But so it was: the deacon, the elder, or the minister, was to intrude his presence, on that most mournful of all occasions, to see that the corpse was shrouded in home-made linen, and not exceeding in value *twenty shillings* per ell.

In the second session of the first parliament of James VII., held at Edinburgh 1686, an act was passed, called the 'Act for burying in Scots Linen,' in which it was ordained, for the encouragement of the linen manufactures within the kingdom, that no person whatsoever, of high or low degree, should be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen or cloth of Hards, made and spun within the kingdom, and without lace or point. There was specially prohibited the use of holland, or other linen cloth made in other kingdoms; and of silk, hair, woollen, gold, or silver, or any other stuff than what was made of Hards, spun and wrought within the kingdom, under the penalty of 300 pounds Scots for a nobleman, and 200 pounds for every other person, for each offence. One-half of this penalty was to go to the informer, and the other half to the poor of the parish where the body should be interred. And, for the better discovery of contraveners, it was ordained that every minister within the kingdom should keep an exact account and register of all persons buried in his parish. A certificate, upon oath, in writing, duly attested by two 'famous' persons, was to be delivered by one of the relatives to the minister within eight days, declaring that the deceased person had been shrouded in the manner prescribed; which certificate was to be recorded without charge. The penalty was to be sued for by the minister before any judge competent; and if he should prove

negligent in pursuing the contraveners within six months after the interment, he himself was liable for the said fine. It was also enacted that no wooden coffin should exceed 100 merks Scots as the maximum rate for persons of the highest quality, and so proportionately for others of lower rank, under the penalty of 200 merks Scots for each offence.

As might have been expected, this act was very unpopular, and was accordingly evaded and infringed in every conceivable way. Those who did make use of plain linen on these occasions, endeavoured to procure it of the finest texture and quality, and consequently paid a considerable price. The encasing certificates were frequently neglected altogether; others were irregular in their terms, or were not sufficiently attested, and it required but little shrewdness to divine the cause. Within *nine* years, it was found necessary to ratify anew, and approve in parliament this linen act, and to append certain stringent additions and penalties, for the purpose of enforcing its observance. These were: that none should presume to use home-made linen above a certain value—*twenty shillings* Scots per ell—under the same penalties set down against burying in foreign linen; and that the nearest elder or deacon should be present at the encasing, to see that the act was not contravened. It was also made statute that no seamstress should make or sew any sort of dead linen contrary to the foresaid act, and its present addition, under the penalty of forty merks for each offence, for the benefit of the poor.

Twenty years sufficed for this fashion of Scots linen-shrouds. Whether the linen-manufacturers had become sufficiently well established, and thought they could maintain their ground without the further patronage and support of the dead; or whether the woollen manufacturers, instigated by the success of their rivals in the linen trade, began a querulous bleating around the throne in the strain of 'fish of one, and flesh of another,' we are not aware; but we find that our sovereign lady Queen Anne, in her first parliament, did, for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture within the kingdom, rescind the linen act of her ancestors, and substitute a woollen one in its stead, under the same severe pains and penalties for its contravention as laid down in the other. Within the last forty years, this act was openly and regularly infringed, and the penalty paid, the first item in the undertaker's bill always being, 'To paying the penalty under the Act for burying in Scots Linen;' but he charged only one-half of the fine, taking credit for the other half, as being the informer against himself.

This will explain the custom which still lingers among certain families, and in some districts, of wrapping the remains of their friends in shrouds entirely of woollen. The act, it will be agreed, is one that, in the present day, would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and we have reason to be grateful for the improved legislation of our own times in this respect—that such sacred and solemn duties are not interfered with, that we are permitted to clothe and bury our dead in whatever manner affection may dictate and our means afford.

The use of the *mortcloth* at burials was also a matter of important consideration; it entitled the gravedigger to a certain fee; and many a weary mile did he travel over mountain and moorland, through rain and snow, in fair weather and foul, with the sable covering under his arm. Afterwards, however, when hearses were introduced, the mortcloth was spread over the coffin only at the church-yard gate, and the sexton's labour was thereby considerably curtailed. His weary travels were dispensed with; and he now stood watching by the grave's mouth, or the kirk gate, the arrival of the solemn cortège. As his services were now less, some thought the fee should be less also; and some

even refused to use the cloth at all. This was occasionally productive of unpleasant scenes, ill becoming the place and the occasion. Not long ago, the remains of a respectable farmer, in the parish of Tarbolton, were to be interred in the family burying-ground, and had arrived at the church-yard gate for the purpose; but, either because the coffin was richly mounted, and the relatives were unwilling that the honour thus conferred upon the deceased should be concealed, or because the mortcloth, from long usage, was become 'a thing of shreds and patches,' the attendants declined its service, and prepared to enter the church-yard without it; which so roused the ire of the grave-digger, that, fixing his foot firmly in the centre of the gateway to oppose them, he exclaimed, with the feeling of insulted office: 'Ye may tak him hame, and bury him like a cow, for without the claiith he shall never enter the yaird!' The grave-digger prevailed; the cloth was spread over the coffin, and the interment proceeded.

Those who died by their own hand were not permitted the benefit of this mortcloth, nor were they indeed allowed any of the rites of Christian burial; but, coffinless and unmourned, their remains were conveyed at midnight to the march-boundary of two parishes or shires, and there deposited in neutral ground, with a stake driven through the body, as if fixing it to the earth, and precluding the hope of a resurrection. There, in loneliness and silence, they were left, far from the habitations of men, where no eye should mark the resting-place, and no foot should stumble upon their grave. Their body was considered vile; the earth which wrapped them as stained with pollution; and the coarse framework on which they were dragged along was afterwards burned to ashes. One who had become weary of life, and who had terminated his mortal career by suicide in the neighbourhood of Sanguhar, was drawn at midnight upon a sledge for several miles to neutral ground, and there received the melancholy and peculiar rites. Though the interment was made under the deepest darkness of night, yet the circumstance was not concealed. On the following Sunday, bands of profane and reckless men assembled at the mournful spot, dug the body from the grave, and, fixing a rope to the limbs, amused themselves all day by dragging it up and down the hills. When they were exhausted with their inhuman sport, they placed the corpse in a sitting-posture against a stone, and as the glazed eyeballs peered out from beneath their half-opened lids, they put a glass to his mouth, calling him to drink, and not sit squinting there! No treatment was thought too inhuman for a suicide.

A tradesman on the Galloway coast, whose wife had committed self-destruction, anxious to have her remains interred as near the church-yard as possible, since he durst not intrude them within it, deposited them close outside the wall; but next morning, to his horror and astonishment, he found the coffin with its contents placed against the door of his dwelling. He applied to a certain Admiral Stewart in the district for advice in the mournful circumstances, who recommended him to say nothing about it, but to take the coffin down to the sea-shore during the night, and deposit it within flood-mark in the sand, when the next tide would obliterate all traces of the grave before morning. This was accordingly done; and the infuriated populace spent the next day in a vain search for the poor suicide's grave.

In olden times, certain paraphernalia were employed on the occasion of burials which did not meet with approbation on the part of the church. On the death of the Earl of Atholl, in 1579, a rumour being general that it was intended at the burial to use a white cloth above the mortcloth, and also for the mourners to have long gowns with stroups (hoods?), and torches, the General Assembly, held at Edinburgh in July of that

year, directed two of their number to wait on certain lords connected with the family of the deceased, desiring that all such evidences of superstition should be avoided on the occasion. It was admitted, on inquiry, that the gowns were intended to be used, but not the torches; and the Assembly were desired to appoint two of their number to examine the preparations. They did so, and intimated their opinion that the cross and the stroups were superstitions; to which an answer was returned that the mortcloth would be covered with black velvet. The gowns alluded to were made of black cloth, and had red hoods; the torches were of wax, and of very considerable length and weight.

By the will of the Earl of Salisbury, executed April 29, 1397, twenty-four poor people, clothed in black gowns with red hoods, were ordered to attend the funeral, each carrying a lighted torch of eight pounds' weight. These torches were expensive from their size and number, and therefore they were generally provided by the church-wardens, and lent out at so much each. It is not many years since, in some parishes in Ayrshire, funerals were attended by females arrayed in long mantles of black or red cloth, with hoods—doubtless a lingering relic of the gowns and stroups.*

PADDINGTON!—BANK!

I HAVE a little house on Maida Hill, with a little garden in front and rear, and a little boy to answer the front-door bell; I have a little place in the City, with very little business doing in it, but with another little boy to assist me in producing a contrary impression; 'hours of attendance from ten to twelve, and from three to five,' which the boy in the country offers as solemn facts, and the boy in the City in the brazening manner of a bet. I thus manage to get four excursions per diem per 'bus. Our first load are all picked up at their own residences, most of them a little out of breath, and with a good deal of unreduced muffin in their mouths: for some distance along the Edgeware Road, they are accustomed to ruminate like cows, and there is one man, an indigo-merchant, who never speaks, by any accident, until he gets exactly opposite Cambridge Street; by that time, conversation is in full flow. We have none of us ever set foot in each other's houses, but have passed nearly twelve hours a week in the same vehicle for years; we never permit any stranger to enter, unless the death of one of us shall have caused a vacancy, and in that case we suck our umbrellas and stare fixedly at the interloper, without addressing him for days; if his demeanour and conduct shall during that time have given us satisfaction, we admit him to our society by tacit consent; if otherwise—that is to say, if he spits on the straw, shuffles with his feet, complains of the draught, or abuses the cad—the latter is directed never to take him up into our omnibus again. Our cad is the very *beau idéal* and *crème de la crème* of cads—of such insinuating and graceful address, he himself boasts, as to seduce even 'gents who is going the other way' to become his passengers. We give him a Christmas-box as regularly as we give the postman; we refer to him upon all matters within his sphere, which is not a small one; and he on his part gives his opinion through the window with respect and diffidence. As there is nobody else to take up inside after a certain point, he generally fills up that orifice

* Hooded gowns of black cloth are invariably used in England by Episcopalian female mourners of the lower class. The gowns of the men are without hoods.—ED.

with his face, and turns his back upon the thoroughfares and the general public. We have never to mention our destinations, for the machine wheels up to our own doors, and delivers us like glass, with care; and to the very moment, as though we were marked—Perishable. When I go back to Maida Hill for lunch at noon, our omnibus has a very different cargo; it has no regular passenger at all, except myself; but there are generally one or two persons of peculiarly distraught and vacant appearance: they are evidently well-to-do gentlemen by their good-looking unglossy hats and massive silk umbrellas; but their occupation seems to have gone from them. I think they are retired business-men, who, having disposed of their good-wills, seem also to have parted with the ends of their existences. They have been, as amateurs, to revisit the haunts of their former greatness, and they sit and sigh in this romantic conveyance over the days that shall not return again. This, may be, was once their very omnibus, and that the very corner where they sat half a lifetime; but now their places know them no more! Never more shall they rise in the dim November mornings, and take their darkened way to mart or office, or, may be, to that bank wherein no wild-thyme grows, but the steadiest of all thymes, the time that is money. The snug small room in the heart of the hurrying City, the stir of business, and its chance and change, the funds when taken at their flow that lead to fortune, the scrip and share that help to cent. per cent.—all now make mournful music in their hearts, and swell the dirge, 'No more—oh, never more.' They think now the same thought as Shelley did, although they would be surprised to find it out.

The early clients return from the east, too, by this omnibus, with their legal horoscopes just cast. They are picked up out of hidden inns and dusty courts, newly escaped from some enchanter's den. A hungry conveyancer it may have been of dreadful deeds, or proctor of horrid form, or mere attorney of that common-law which is so strange and subtle. The victim is still mumbling to himself some words which sound like an incantation; he has a parchment sticking from his pocket, and ever and anon he takes it out, and strives to understand its vain repetitions and obsolete terms. I don't know whether it be the post obit which his son has been interesting himself about of late, or his own will just made out anew, cutting off his only daughter with a shilling, for cutting off with the music-master without a shilling; but it is certainly some disagreeable. And here is the music-master himself, if I am not mistaken, who has got in at King Street, and is going to give his lesson in Oxford Square. How fondly he eyes his fiddle-case, and yet with a sort of sorrow, as though it were the coffin of his ladylove. I am distressed to hear our *crème de la crème* of cads call him 'Mounseer,' so derisively; and shall be still more irritated to see him presently, when the poor fellow has got down, parodying the action of a violinist, with his fingers upon his nose, at the imminent hazard of falling backwards upon the Edgeware Road. An enormously portly gentleman, who must, I think, by the way he walks, be somebody very particular, gets in at Regent Street; he keeps us waiting a full minute, until he sees a favourable time for leaving the kerbstone, and then marches, as if to a solemn tune, across the road. Directly he touches the step, however, and manifests the intention of pursuing that magnificent course to his seat, our cad sings out: 'All right!'—and 'the

Hemperor,' as he afterwards deferentially observed, 'was shot in like coals.'

When I start at two again for the City, I have still fewer companions, and those of quite another kind. A new-married couple, whom I have observed in our omnibus at least half-a-dozen times, embark from Connaught Terrace; and the lady remarks in a loud whisper to the gentleman, that she never travelled in a public conveyance in all her life before, and that she does not think it is so bad after all, for that there seems to be no riffraff. I cannot help staring at this audacious female a good deal, which puts the man in a bad temper. He observes, after a little time, with meaning, that unless one wishes to be insulted, it is better to take a cab; he regrets that he did not do it, and she regrets that she didn't do it—for they have not had the great who-shall-be-master marriage question on yet—and our cad, as they get out at Tottenham Court Road, regrets also that they did not do it, audibly.

A middle-aged female is here steered in with difficulty from behind; and when she has got her breath again after the ascent—that is to say, in about five minutes—endeavours to catch the conductor with the crook of her—shall I say portable tent? It is exactly like those patent Crimean dwelling-places exposed and ticketed 'For the Guards.' I volunteer my services, to prevent her overbalancing herself, and the following dialogue between her and the official ensues:—

'Well now, what is it?'

'Let me out at Tucker anbisbis.'

Conductor, without direct reply, but holloing over the roof to the driver: 'I say, Bob, here's a mad 'ooman inside; blow'd if there ain't.' Then looking rapidly from his friend to the strange lady, so as to engage the attention of both parties: 'Now, ma'am, where is it, again?'

'Tucker anbisbis,' you impudent, bad man.'

'There; you heard her, didn't yer, Bob?' and a peal of laughter above us testifies to Bob's appreciation.

After immense difficulty and the strictest cross-examination, I elicit that she wants to be set down at Tucker and Bibbs's, linen-draper in Cornhill, and she almost sheds tears at my benevolent interference. 'If I want anything in the midwifery-line,' she says, a post-paid letter to No. 2 Buffer Court will meet with her immediate and particular attention.

Our omnibus is very crowded when it returns from the City in the evening. Besides some of our morning passengers, there is a nursery-maid with a great baby, whom she has found herself unable to carry further: it begins to cry from the instant of its entrance, except during a very short interval in which it is excessively sick. Both are dropped, to our great joy, in Regent Circus, in the centre of ever so many fast Hansom cabs. At Mudie's, we had taken in a studious-looking youth, with a whole pyramid of books under his arm: notwithstanding the noise and the imperfect light, and that baby, he buries himself at once in his darling volumes. What is it to him that the indigo-merchant has got more room than he has any right to; or that the Bank-clerk opposite is resting that wet umbrella upon his boots? He wakes out of his dream at length, because his next neighbour pokes him with his elbow, and cries:

'Look, look, sir!—there he goes across the street: he'll be run over to a certainty, that he will; no, he won't—that's Benson, sir!'

'Tennyson!—impossible!' says the boy, although his face flushes over in a moment.

'Who said Tennyson, sir? I said Benson!' replies the old gentleman angrily. 'He's seventy-five years of age, if he's a day, and is worth half a million, if he's got a penny. Bless my soul and body, think of our having seen Benson!'

And he kept on with that ridiculous refrain, until it

attracted the notice of our *crème de la crème* of cads, who is a practical satirist, and screamed after this impulsive person down the New Road: 'Bless my soul and body, think of our having seen Benson!'

FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

NEARLY all the continental countries are yearly overtun by swarms of English tourists, who mightily resemble the swallows in their migratory habits—regularly crossing the sea in spring, and recrossing it in autumn. France, Germany, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Italy, and the East, are all as familiar to our roving countrymen as their own island, or more so: the countries of which they know the least are Russia, Spain and Portugal, and Scandinavia. A single glance at Bradshaw's Continental Railway Map reveals the reason why the last-mentioned countries—putting aside political and other considerations—are so little visited by our roving countrymen: in a word, they are comparatively inaccessible as regards means of inland-travel. Hamburg, we know, is yearly visited by crowds of English, who arrive either by sea or land; and there is a very interesting country, the frontier of which literally adjoins Hamburg; but how many of the English visitors to the latter place ever think of penetrating into what is to them the *terra incognita* in question? Not one in a hundred! And yet we may venture to say, that were they to make the experiment, they would be richly rewarded by the novel and very peculiar scenes they would behold. The country we allude to is Holstein, and concerning it, and its sister duchy of Schleswig, we propose to discourse, and shall anticipate some expression of gratitude from our hundred thousand roving brethren, for at least hinting where a 'fresh field and pasture new' is accessible to them. It is true that both Schleswig and Holstein, from the nature of their physical formation, can hardly be traversed in winter or in very wet weather; but the roads have been much improved of late, and whoever is willing to rough it a little—and this will prove quite agreeable, *per se*, by way of change from the enervating ease and luxury of railway-travelling in other countries—may explore every nook and corner at his leisure. So far as regards the southern portion of Holstein, there is no excuse why even a delicate lady-tourist should not get a glimpse of the country, for there is an excellent railway—as we can vouch by personal experience, having travelled on it in a comfortable carriage, at a cost of little more than a half-penny per mile—running between Hamburg and Kiel—a distance of sixty-five English miles—with branches to Glückstadt, Rendsburg, and Neumünster. Sooner or later, we think, the time will come when the duchies will be intersected with railways throughout their length and breadth, for there is no country in the world where iron highways could be constructed at less expenditure, owing to the absence of any natural obstacles in the shape of hills, valleys, rivers, &c., and the only drawback would be their liability to be flooded; but engineering skill might perhaps overcome even this serious danger. Were that the case, incalculable advantages would result to the inhabitants, by enabling them to dispose rapidly of their commercial produce, and by opening up their country to tourists, who would soon learn to resort to it as familiarly as they at present do to the Netherlands.

A few years ago, the names of the duchies were painfully familiar to the reading public, in consequence of their desperate and prolonged rebellion against Denmark Proper—a rebellion promoted and assisted by Germany for obviously selfish ends; but we have nothing to do here with the political and perplexing international questions involved in that quarrel. Schleswig and Holstein together contain about 7000 square miles of surface, and their present population

probably rather exceeds a million souls. The language spoken in Holstein and the southern portion of Schleswig is German, and all the sympathies and tendencies of the people are German also. In Schleswig, the inhabitants are of different races—Saxons, Danes, Frises, and Angles; but the Holsteiners are almost exclusively of German descent. The Frises and Angles generally speak a corrupted dialect, although in one or two localities pure Frisian is said to be yet spoken. The whole of the duchies have at some remote period risen, as it were, from the sea, as though to form, in conjunction with the Danish islands, a barrier between the North Sea and the Baltic; consequently, the land is level, and the only hills of any magnitude are on the east coast of Holstein. The greater portion of Holstein, and the south-eastern portions of Schleswig, may be described as one rich alluvial plain, where for scores of miles at a stretch the traveller passes through corn-fields and blooming meadows, and pastures swarming with sleek cattle. The quantity of beef, pork, and butter exported (*via* Hamburg) from these districts is incredibly great; and the breed of Holstein horses is famed throughout the continent. Generally speaking, the scenery resembles the finest and best cultivated parts of the midland and south-eastern counties of England; but in addition to the quiet beauty of the landscapes, the traveller will find much to interest him on the score of novelty in the manners and customs of the industrious and thriving population—not to speak of those curious old cities and towns, Kiel, Glückstadt, Schleswig, Flensburg, &c., each and all of which are well worthy of a visit. Schleswig, the capital of the duchy, especially, is a remarkable place, consisting chiefly of one street of the enormous length of three miles, inhabited by about 13,000 people. So ancient is it, that a thousand years ago it was a still larger city, and of greater commercial importance than it is at present. Like the other towns on the east or Baltic coast of Schleswig-Holstein, it is situated at the head of a fiord or firth, and the country around it is exceedingly picturesque and fertile, and cultivated to such a degree as to resemble one immense garden.

But it is one particular district of the duchies we wish to coax our roving friends to honour with their presence for once on a while, as there, at least, we can safely promise them something new—something that will impart a fresh sensation, and probably evoke, too, feelings of a different and higher nature than are usually aroused by sight-seeing in beaten tracks. The district to which we refer is that known as the *Marshes*. Permit not the mere name to repel you, for you must not let your fancy jump to the conclusion that these Marshes are like the barren, swampy, doleful spots which bear the same designation in England. From the Elbe to Jütland, or, in other words, all the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein, is flat, treeless land, much of it of comparatively recent formation; and so steadily does sand accumulate on the coast, that all the ports, except Husum, have become choked up and inaccessible to any but the smallest vessels. The Marshes themselves extend from Husum in the south to Tondern in the north, occupying a vast tract of country, throughout which there is not a single village or hamlet. The whole district belongs to the Ditmarschians, or Marshmen—of Friesland descent—who are peasant-proprietors; and their boast is, that from the earliest ages there never was a lord over them, nor a serf among them. All are free and equal; all are hard workers, and partakers, to a certain degree, of the rude substantial comforts of life. But you must not imagine from this that the Marshes are a Utopian community, with all things in common. So far from such being the case, we should suppose that in few countries is property more rigidly held sacred, and individual rights more strictly defined; and as to the Ditmarschians' independence as a class, we shall

find that they owe it as much to the natural peculiarities of their country as to any other cause. All along the coast, the Marshes are protected from the inroads of the sea by lofty dikes, or bulwarks of earth, 20 to 40 feet high, and 50 to 80 feet in thickness, but for which, the entire country would speedily be converted into a watery wilderness. These dikes are maintained at enormous cost, which is defrayed by five separate unions of the peasant-proprietors of the Marshes. The latter, as we have said, do not contain a single hamlet. Every house stands quite alone, and is built upon an artificial clay hillock, called a *warf*; and all around it extend the richest of grazing-lands, meadows, and cornfields, on a dead-level plain, intersected in every direction by ditches to drain off the water. The people pass these ditches by the aid of leaping-poles, in the same manner as the dwellers in the Fens of Lincolnshire passed from field to field, and, in fact, as we believe they yet do in some parts of that remarkable English county. A sort of small deep moat usually encircles the *warf* itself, so that the isolated dwelling is quite like a fortress of the olden time. So soft and moist is the rich soil, that it is difficult to traverse the country, except when the summer's sun has hardened the roads; but in the rainy season, and in winter, even the natives cannot go any distance except on the tops of the dikes. Most of the *warfs*, or mounds, on which the houses are built, were first raised centuries ago, but have been repaired and enlarged from time to time. Occasionally, they are of very considerable size, their level tops affording ample space for a large farmhouse, barns, outbuildings, and even gardens. These *warfs*, thus crowned with their comfortable and airy houses and homesteads, rise like islands—and such their moats literally render them—amid a sea of luxuriant vegetation, unbroken by any object of size; for there are no natural hills or hillocks, no rocks, and neither trees nor bushes grow in the marsh itself, where nothing springs higher than the ears of wheat or the luxuriant stalks of rape-seed.

Few scenes, in any country in the world, can be more striking and impressive to the stranger than that which he beholds on a sunny day from the summit of the dike—the briny German Ocean roaring close up on one side, and on the other, the smiling cultivated plain, nothing dividing these but the earthen bulwark on which he stands. In many places at flood-tide, the sea rises more than twenty feet above the level of the land, which, of course, it would instantly overwhelm were the dike to give way. One traveller, Mr Theodore Mugge, thus strikingly depicts the scene we have alluded to: 'It is when standing on the top of these dikes, along which the road usually runs, and looking down into the marsh, that the peculiar and monotonous character of the country appears most strikingly—as behind the walls of a fortress lies the green fertile level below, intersected by numerous water-ditches, which the inhabitants of the Marshes pass by means of leaping-poles. On the fields between these ditches, wheat, barley, oats, and beans grow thick and high; and the fresh grass is covered with herds of handsome cows and horses, that neigh and low cheerily to you as you pass. The substantial houses peep out from their thickets of bushes and gardens, filled with fine vegetables, and rich crimson stocks and pinks of remarkable beauty. But if you turn away your eyes from this scene of plenty to the opposite side of the dike, the blessing seems changed into a curse. There is the gray rolling desert in everlasting motion, raging round the dwellings of man, as if eager for his destruction; and instead of herds of sleek cows and human habitations surrounded with all the signs of peace and comfort, the white sails of ships, and porpoises and seals, and flocks of screaming curlews, and the ceaseless roar of the waves as they break upon the dike.'

We pause here to mention, that although of late

years no serious calamity has occurred through an irruption of the sea, yet most awful inundations frequently happened in former ages, when the dikes were less capable of resisting gales setting dead on the coast at high tides. History records, that in 1362 a score or two of parishes were destroyed, with all their dwellers; in 1412, above 20,000 people perished from a similar disaster; and in 1421, in a single night 100,000 lives were lost. Again, in 1532, there was another inroad of the sea well-nigh as disastrous; and little more than a generation subsequent to that, the most frightful of all occurred, when, on the whole coast of Friesland, it is calculated that 400,000 people perished. We have already mentioned that the ports have become choked up with sand, which certainly seems *prima facie* evidence that the sea is now bringing tribute to the land; and yet, were it not for the guardian-dikes, that same sea would quickly usurp the whole of the Marshes; and there is abundant historic evidence to shew that the ocean has for many hundreds of years preyed remorselessly on Friesland, and torn away vast tracts of the country—though, after all, we must admit it was in a manner only regaining what had once been its own undisputed domain. Above all, we must bear in mind, that however terrible an enemy the sea has been to the Frieslanders, and watchfully as they have still to guard against its open assaults, yet it is to the sea they owe that independence of which they are so proud. Intensely imbued, as they always were, with a bitter hatred of aristocratical rule, they successfully resisted for ages every attempt of princes and nobles to reduce them to serfdom. When the American war commenced, Washington is reported to have said to his countrymen that their country would prove the best of engineers in their favour; and the same might be said of the Marshes, for invading forces always found the peasantry with a little fortress on every *warf*, while the thousands of ditches they encountered proved fatal obstructions to heavily armed soldiers, who could not leap them like the active and practised natives. Moreover, if the invaders appeared likely to get the upper hand, the Frieslanders, as a last and certain means of effecting their deliverance, opened the sluices of the dikes, and the sea rushed in, and ruthlessly swept away the mail-clad barons and their hapless retainers, whilst the Marshmen regained their *warfs*, and thence securely witnessed the destruction of their foes—and alas! of their own herds and cornfields also; but the latter loss could be repaired in time, and was as nothing weighed against the preservation of liberty. Even under the rule of Denmark—with which country they have no common tie in the shape of descent, or language, or sympathy, or mutual interest—the Marshmen managed to retain almost as much real freedom as ever, and to preserve their peculiar laws and customs little changed even to this day.

We have several narratives of the life led by the dwellers in the Marshes, but the most graphic is that contained in a charmingly written little book, recently published,* and we shall now borrow from it a passage or two descriptive of the homes on the *warf*. The author—or authoress possibly—describes the visit of a stranger, who crosses the moat by a bridge, and ascends the *warf*, 'on which stood a long low brick-house, built in the form of a crescent, with stable and farm-buildings adjoining it behind. The roof was tiled, the windows had high shutters, and in front was a little garden, filled with beds of the beautiful dark-red carnations of the marsh, and wonderfully large stock-gillyflower, mignonette, and various other flowers and shrubs. The beds were hedged round with boxwood; and before the house were four tolerably large lime-

* *Life in the Marshes of Schlenwig-Holstein*. Translated from the German. Edinburgh: Constable. 1854.

trees, whose tops had been swept bare by the breezes from the sea. The garden, with its thick hedge of hawthorn and broom, lay towards the slope of the warft, which was itself planted with garden-vegetables. The stranger is hospitably received by the master of the house, who is thus described: 'Like all the Friesland-ers, he had large bones, was of middle stature, thin and sinewy; and his countenance, with its broad high forehead and blue eyes, had an expression of good sense and firmness. Although he was a man well-to-do in the world, he yet wore the common short round jacket, and shirt-collar turned down over a coloured neckerchief.' There was a substantial dinner, the first course consisting of a soup made of meat and fish; the latter being eels, which swarm in the ditches, and afford savoury dishes. 'The soup was followed by an enormous joint of meat, beans, &c., all well prepared; the bread white and good; the dishes of blue stoneware, such as is used in England; the table-linen was nice and clean, and in everything that love of order and cleanliness was manifested for which the Friesland-ers, as well as their kinsmen the Dutch, are celebrated. After dinner, the host placed a flask of wine on the table, in honour of his guest, for in that country the duty is not high, and wine is cheap; he called also for a large round cheese.' There are no springs of water in the Marshes, and the people have reservoirs for rain-water; and when that falls short, filter the muddy ditch-water, which even when boiled is foul and salt, and must be medicated with brandy, or infused with tea or coffee. After dinner, the guest was shewn through the house, and here is an account of the novelties he beheld. 'Each spot was beautifully kept, clean, and in good order; the walls were either painted white, or striped with pale yellow; and this is done every year, to prevent the approach of vermin. The wooden roofs were painted over with red or blue oil-paint, and the high bright windows admitted plenty of fresh air; the floors and tables were well swept and shining; the chair-cushions were stuffed with sea-grass, while two engravings in black frames were hung up in the peasel—the large room which in summer is used both as the sitting-room and the state and guest apartment—and between them was an old house-clock, which had evidently belonged to the grandfather, if not to the great-grandfather of the family. At the wall stood two beautiful old wardrobes, made of the wood of the walnut-tree, richly ornamented with the most skilful carvings; which proved that here, as far back as two centuries, the art of wood-carving had been known and highly prized; and between these wardrobes, which contained the clothing of the different members of the family, Theobald remarked several great chests, studded over with large brass plates and nails; these contained the family-linen, the great quantities of which astonished the young traveller. It is, however, the pride of the inhabitants of the marsh, and indeed of all the peasants of Schleswig, as well as of Holstein, to possess a large supply of bed and table linen, along with fine furniture; for it is in this way that their wealth and tidiness can be known, and much of it descends as an heir-loom from one generation to another. Every young woman, when she marries, brings one or more of such brass-plated trunks filled with linen and household stuffs into the house of her husband; and the more she brings, the more she is held in honour.' We would add, that similar customs prevail in Denmark Proper, and indeed throughout Scandinavia.

As there are no villages in the Marshes, there are, of course, no village-schools; but the children receive a decent education from itinerant schoolmasters, who go from warft to warft, and stop awhile at each in turn; but in winter, and in wet weather, these perambulations are effectually stopped. The churches are built on the dikes, for there is no other site where they

would be accessible. In that situation, too, their open doors oft receive benighted wanderers, who would otherwise be lost, and perish for lack of shelter; for in stormy weather the mist is blinding, and piercingly cold. The little churches are very strongly built—a necessary precaution in their exceedingly exposed situations. The author we have quoted beautifully and pathetically alludes to them. He says: 'There stands the house of God, close upon the rising billows. The foam often reaches to the golden cross, and more than once I have seen the walls and the foundations tremble beneath the terrific violence of the waves; more than once have the noise of the waters and the howling of the storm been so great, that the kneeling worshippers within could not hear the voice of their preacher. . . . Yes, dear sir, the church here is, for many a fearful and anxious soul, a true comfort from God. When at night they awake in their beds, and hear the howling of the storm, when every rafter trembles, and the roof creaks above their heads, then they hearken anxiously to the roaring of the sea, think of their dikes, and fold their hands in prayer; and when the morning comes, they hasten out, look up here towards the spot where stands the little church, and when their eye catches the gleaming of the golden cross, new hope enters into their hearts.'

In conclusion, all the recent travellers in Schleswig-Holstein whose narratives we have read, agree that the Marshmen are a very thriving set of people, and becoming more prosperous every year. This prosperity would be materially enhanced were good roads by some means formed across the Marshes, and railways introduced into Schleswig, as then they could promptly dispose of the produce of their fields, and would be brought into direct communication with their great market—Hamburg. Their social isolation would also be broken up in a measure, and good, we should hope, would result therefrom, although even now the Friesland-ers of the old school bewail the introduction of new-fangled luxuries and fashions among them; yet it is rarely that any farmer is given to extravagant habits, for the prudent and thrifty virtues of the Friesland race are deeply rooted. The land itself of the Marshes is of greater value than any other in the duchies, owing to its astonishing and never-failing fertility. Some districts are solely devoted to pasturage, and others exclusively arable. Most of the cattle are brought here in the shape of vast herds of lean kine from the barren wastes of Jütland, expressly to be fattened for the markets of Hamburg, Kiel, Husum, &c. The native cattle are a peculiar breed, red-coloured, and large-boned—in which respect they resemble their masters—and yield sometimes as much as thirty to forty quarts of milk daily, though not of the best quality for producing butter.

Take them all in all, the Marshes of Schleswig-Holstein are certainly one of the most remarkable of the many isolated tracts of country in Europe, and the dwellers in them are a very interesting though little known people.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. I.—THE BURNING SPECULA OF ARCHIMEDES.

Of all the inventions ascribed to Archimedes, there is none more extraordinary than that of the burning specula by which he is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet, while it rode at anchor in the harbour of Syracuse, and he himself was shut up within the walls of that city. The fact, however, seems not to have been called in question till the time of Descartes. That philosopher, trusting to certain optical laws which he had discovered, and which, though just, were not sufficiently comprehensive, ventured to deny the possibility of constructing specula which could burn at so

great a distance. His authority was then an overmatch for the testimony of all antiquity: his opinion prevailed; and till the experiments which we are about to notice were made, the mirrors of Archimedes were regarded as a chimera.

For some years prior to 1747, the French naturalist Buffon had been engaged in the prosecution of those researches upon heat which he afterwards published in the first volume of the Supplement to his *Natural History*. Without any previous knowledge, as it would seem, of the mathematical treatise of Anthemius (τῆς περὶ τῶν πυρρῶν μηχανισμῶν), in which a similar invention of the sixth century is described,* Buffon was led, in spite of the reasonings of Descartes, to conclude that a speculum or series of specula might be constructed sufficient to obtain results little, if at all, inferior to those attributed to the invention of Archimedes.

This, after encountering many difficulties, which he had foreseen with great acuteness, and obviated with equal ingenuity, he at length succeeded in effecting. In the spring of 1747, he laid before the French Academy a memoir which, in his collected works, extends over upwards of eighty pages. In this paper, he describes himself as in possession of an apparatus by means of which he could set fire to planks at the distance of 200, and even 210 feet, and melt metals and metallic minerals at distances varying from twenty-five to forty feet. This apparatus he describes as composed of 168 plain glasses, silvered on the back, each six inches broad by eight inches long. These, he says, were ranged in a large wooden frame, at intervals not exceeding the third of an inch; so that, by means of an adjustment behind, each should be movable in all directions independently of the rest—the spaces between the glasses being further of use in allowing the operator to see from behind the point on which it behoved the various disks to be converged.

These results ascertained, Buffon's next inquiry was how far they corresponded with those ascribed to the mirrors of Archimedes—the most particular account of which is given by the historians Zonaras and Tzetzes, both of the twelfth century.† 'Archimedes,' says the first of these writers, 'having received the rays of the sun on a mirror, by the thickness and polish of which they were reflected and united, kindled a flame in the air, and darted it with full violence on the ships which were anchored within a certain distance, and which were accordingly reduced to ashes.' The same Zonaras relates that Proclus, a celebrated mathematician of the sixth century, at the siege of Constantinople, set on fire the Thracian fleet by means of brass mirrors. Tzetzes is yet more particular. He tells us, that when the Roman galleys were within a bow-shot of the city-walls, Archimedes caused a kind of hexagonal speculum, with other smaller ones of twenty-four facets each, to be placed at a proper distance; that he moved these by means of hinges and plates of metal; that the hexagon was bisected by 'the meridian of summer and winter;' that it was placed opposite the sun; and that a great fire was thus kindled, which consumed the Roman fleet.

From these accounts, we may conclude that the mirrors of Archimedes and Buffon were not very different either in their construction or effects. No question, therefore, could remain of the latter having revived one of the most beautiful inventions of former times, were there not one circumstance which still renders the antiquity of it doubtful: the writers contemporary with Archimedes, or nearest his time, make no mention of these mirrors. Livy, who is so fond of the marvellous, and Polybius, whose accuracy so great an invention could scarcely have escaped, are altogether silent on the subject. Plutarch, who has collected so

many particulars relative to Archimedes, speaks no more of it than the former two; and Galen, who lived in the second century, is the first writer by whom we find it mentioned. It is, however, difficult to conceive how the notion of such mirrors having ever existed could have occurred, if they never had been actually employed. The idea is greatly above the reach of those minds which are usually occupied in inventing falsehoods; and if the mirrors of Archimedes are a fiction, it must be granted that they are the fiction of a philosopher.

NO. II.—SORCERY AND SCIENCE.

In the year 1758, three old women, condemned to death for sorcery, were brought, by order of the empress-queen, from Croatia to Vienna, to undergo examination. The question was, not whether such a crime existed, for that no one engaged in the trial seems ever to have doubted, but whether it could justly be imputed to the prisoners. Antony von Haen, a distinguished physician, a fellow of many learned societies, an Aulic councillor, and Primarius Professor of Medicine in the University of Vienna, was, with his colleague the Baron von Sweiten, appointed a commissioner to conduct the inquiry. After reading over the depositions produced at the trial with the greatest care, and interrogating the culprits themselves most rigorously, the commissioners came to the conclusion that the three old women were not witches, and prevailed with the empress to set them at liberty. It was this incident chiefly, from the excitement it created, which induced Von Haen to write the extraordinary treatise, whose views and reasonings have, yet more than its rarity, won for it a place amongst the choicest *curiosities* of our public libraries.

Until we saw this work, we were foolish enough to think that a belief in witchcraft was utterly inconsistent with a very moderate amount of scientific knowledge. We knew but little, it must be owned, of the Austrian idiosyncrasy; for it is abundantly clear, from Von Haen's treatise,* that this man—than whom no physician in Germany was, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, held in higher estimation—did not only, in common with his learned colleagues, believe in witchcraft, but regarded it as a disease, a knowledge of whose treatment was of the last importance to the physician, and actually devoted to its study no inconsiderable portion of a long and laborious life. To this conclusion, it is true, we did not come at once; on the contrary, we were at first rather inclined to regard this curious volume as of a piece with Swift's 'modest proposal' to turn the foundlings of Dublin to account as articles of food. But before we had glanced over fifty pages, we were convinced that this view was utterly untenable, and that the author was thoroughly and painfully in earnest.

And upon what authorities, does the reader suppose, did this learned person, so lately as the year 1774, ground his belief in the crime of sorcery? Wholly—if we except the cases of the Egyptian magi, the Witch of Endor, and the demoniac possessions recorded in the New Testament—on the pretended miracles of Apollonius, and sundry equally exceptionable passages from the fathers and canons of the church. On the scriptural illustrations of his argument we are precluded, for obvious reasons, from dwelling; but we may venture to remark, in reference to the cases of demoniac possession, that only a very few of them can possibly be so wrested as to be included in the category of reputed sorcery. At anyrate, they were all of an extraordinary character, and appeared on an extraordinary occasion; so that from them no general

* See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl. sect. v., note p.

+ Quoted by Fabricius in his *Biblioth. Græc.*, vol. ii. pp. 551, 552.

* Its full title is: *Antonii de Haen S.C.R.A. Majestati ac Consilio Aulico et Archiatræ, Medicinæ in Alma et Antiquissima Universitate Viennensi Professoris Primarii, plurimisque Eruditiorum Societatum Socii, De Magia liber.* Vienna: 1774.

conclusion can be drawn to the ordinary cases of common life.

Of the illustrations which the Viennese professor has culled from profane history, we shall venture to translate but two—one from Apollonius, and one from St Jerome's life of St Hilary the Hermit. And should the reader, after perusing them, hesitate to believe that the Austrian savant could be actually in earnest in offering such evidence in support of such a case, we would assure him, that not only is this the fact, but that the illustrations in question absolutely go further to substantiate his theory than any other two within the compass of his volume.

Our first quotation, then, shall be from Apollonius. This man was a famous theurgist of Asia Minor, whom the enemies of revelation, in the infancy of the church, set up as a rival to Jesus Christ. A narrative of his so-called miracles, which seem to have been wrought chiefly at Ephesus, was given to the world in the second century. It is a mass of the merest rubbish, amongst which, however, it is not difficult to detect at intervals fragments which have been manifestly purloined from Gospel history. It is not from these, however, but from a much more characteristic class of miracles, that we select our illustration. A pestilence broke out at Ephesus, which Apollonius was sent for to allay. He demanded, for a sin-offering, some noted enemy of the gods, and one was speedily found. An aged beggar, who had long infested the streets of Ephesus, was the victim selected. Him, Apollonius ordered to be buried alive, beneath a pile of stones, near the temple of the Tyrian Hercules. In no long time the plague was stayed; but when the delighted populace proceeded, by their deliverer's command, to disinter the victim, a strange metamorphosis had taken place. On the spot where the beggar had been entombed, was stretched the body of a dog! And on this anecdote, whose authenticity he can see no ground for questioning, Von Haen lays a stress only inferior to that which he attaches to an incident in Jerome. A young man of the city of Gaza, in Syria, fell deeply in love with a pious maiden of the neighbourhood. He attacked her in vain with all the artillery of love; so that, in despair, he resolved to repair to Memphis, then the residence of many famous sorcerers, to seek the aid of magic. At Memphis, he sojourned during many months. At length, being fully instructed in the art, he returned to Gaza. Beneath the threshold of the house where the lady lived, he secretly deposited a brazen talisman, overwrought with 'hard words and uncouth figures.' The effect was magical: the lady became furious; she tore her hair, she gnashed her teeth, she repeated incessantly the name of him whom she had driven from her presence. In this state, she was brought before Hilary. Then the demon that possessed her found voice: he was no willing instrument in the conjuration, he assured the holy man; he looked back with regret upon the pleasures he had foregone at Memphis; but until the talisman was destroyed, the spell that bound him could not be broken. But the saint was not to be so deceived. Satan, he said, had been a liar from the beginning, and the accused thing he would not handle; but in the name of God and the Holy Church, he commanded the demon to release the maiden. And he, having cried with a bitter cry, came out of her; and from that hour the damsel was made whole.

We have dwelt so long on this portion of Von Haen's treatise, that we have not left ourselves room to notice the arguments by which he essays to refute the objections which have been urged against the existence of divination. We pass on to the last, and by far the most curious chapter in the volume, which relates to the method of discovering and treating magical diseases.

To detect the existence of supernatural agency in

disease, much caution, he assures us, is necessary in the physician: the imputation of sorcery should not be readily admitted. No absence of the ordinary symptoms, no uncommon alteration of the course of the distemper, should be sufficient to infer this conclusion; for these may arise from unknown natural causes. What, then, are the marks of certain incantation? Von Haen holds, that if in any uncommon disease there shall be found—in the stuffing of the cushions, or ceiling of the room in which the patient lies, or in the feathers or chaff of his bed, or about the door or under the threshold of his house—any strange characters, images, bones, hair, seeds or roots of plants; and if, upon the removal of these, or upon conveying the patient into another apartment, he shall suddenly recover; or if the patient himself, or his friends, shall call to their aid a wizard, by whom the malady shall be removed; or if insects or animals which do not lodge in the human body; or if stones, metals, glass, knives, plaited hair, or pieces of pitch, be ejected from particular parts of the body, of greater size, and weight, and figure, than could be supposed to make their way through those parts without greater dilaceration of the passages—then, that in all these cases the disease is magical. He then proceeds to inquire whether the physician may presume to remove the instruments of incantation, in order to relieve the patient, without incurring the imputation of impiety by interfering with the implements and furniture of the devil; and after many arguments *pro* and *con*, at last formally concludes, that after approaching them with all due ceremony and respect, and after imploring, with suitable ardour and devotion, the protection of Heaven in such a perilous undertaking, he may attempt to intermeddle, and may occasionally expect a favourable issue.

Such are the views, and reasonings, and conclusions, on the subject of sorcery which were entertained by one of the elite of the faculty at Vienna during the latter part of the eighteenth century. This man, be it observed, was not in his dotage; and he nowhere evinces any fear of encountering ridicule on account of his opinions. It is a strange phenomenon.

AN ELEPHANT-RIDE.

I NEVER had 'an adventure' but once, and now I mean to relate it. It occurred in the year 1825, during the prosecution of the first Burmese war, when I was left on sick-report, much to my disgust, at Rangoon, whilst my regiment was with the grand army in advance, under Sir Archibald Campbell.

Everybody knows now, what nobody knew then, the extreme disadvantage we were under at commencing the war during the most unpropitious season of the year, when the country near Rangoon is almost entirely under water. The flat coast and mangrove-shores become a fertile hotbed for miasma, every green and exuberant pool a hall of revelry for fever and pestilence. But at the time I speak of, in September, the water, or most of it, had disappeared, leaving behind all the quick and luxuriant growth of vegetation that so soon invests the neighbourhood with the beauty derivable from the richest shades of colour on tree, and shrub, and leaf. From the town, with its wooden stockade, for two miles, up to the low range of hills on which glows and glitters the stupendous Shoe Dagon pagoda, the whole way appeared but an extensive series of rich, unvalled fields, gardens of fruits and vegetables, copes of bananas, and ponds of almost invisible water, over which nature had woven a carpet of deceptive verdure.

Rangoon was no longer the wretched seat of disease, comparative famine, and desolation, which it had been a few months back. The natives had flocked back in

numbers; the houses were rebuilt; the shops began to be refilled by Chinese; whilst the adjoining country was once more peopled, and even the deserted *keowms*, or monasteries, began to resume their look of cheerful habitation; for there is no class of the Burmese more cheerful and courteous than the priests. I was convalescent, and my medical friend—how frequently it happens that the physician really becomes the friend!—approved of my taking a little relaxation by rambles in the country near the stockade, for it still might be unsafe to extend them into the interior. It was decided that we were to go together to witness the funeral obsequies of a *phongt*, or priest, of great reputed learning, whose death, happening when war was at its hottest, had been looked upon by the Burmese as a public calamity. It is a sight seldom seen by Europeans, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony. The body had, as is usual, undergone the process of embalming, after which it is covered by a layer of melted wax, to prevent injury from atmospheric action. This is, in turn, overlaid with sheets of leaf-gold, and in this state it awaits the final pyrotechnic display which constitutes the funeral.

The day arrived, and with it my friend, who had been fortunate enough to obtain an elephant—one of three whose services for the procession had been granted by the commissariat for the grand ceremony. The ground chosen was within half a mile of the outer stockade, a plain of some extent, slanting down seaward, and overlooked by a dismantled pagoda, better known as the White House picket, having formed a strong fortified position of the enemy until it fell into our hands, when it became one of our outposts. When we reached the scene of display, immense crowds had already assembled, the procession round Rangoon being over, and the final rite about to begin. On an elevated stage of wood and bamboo, gaudily decorated with emblematic devices in gold-leaf, stood the coffin, by no means of a lugubrious appearance, for it was likewise overlaid with gilding. As we approached, somewhat delayed by the unusually restless temper of our elephant, which the *mahout*, or driver, ascribed to discomposure at the sight of so many people, the coffin was being removed from the stage to a very high vehicle or car, on which also a platform was erected. A moving mass of Burmese, bearing flags, banners, images of deities, and mythic blazons, surrounded the car; boys and girls danced and chanted as the coffin was deposited; and as we drew still nearer, we discovered that the strange images which were affixed to the car were stuck over with all manner of pyrotechnics—rockets, &c. A large assemblage of *phongis* stood by, whilst a few golden *tees*, or umbrellas, declared the presence of influential chiefs. There were not many of the fair sex; but a score or two of elderly women, in yellow raiment, were pointed out as belonging to a sacerdotal sisterhood—Buddhist nuns. Directly behind the coffin was a cannon ready loaded, and levelled with precision; whilst in front, the space was clear of the crowd, to prevent accidents.

Meanwhile, our elephant's fretfulness seemed to increase, nor could all the efforts of the *mahout* control it. In fact, we were afterwards informed that this man was a stranger to the animal, whose accustomed conductor was sick in hospital. At last there was a signal, the blare of a most discordant horn, and then the cannon was fired, the rockets, the fireworks let off, with a roar and a blaze, and a shout of multitudinous voices, that not only shook the whole space, but terrified the already excited elephant into perfect fury. With a velocity that nearly shook me from the pile of cushions and rope-work which fortunately supplied the place of a howdah, the animal dashed forwards right amongst the crowd, piercing the smoke that burst from oil, petroleum, and wood, till, almost

choked by the fumes, he as suddenly turned his back upon the whole, and, trumpeting loudly—surest evidence of elephantine rage—rushed on, I knew not whither. Nevertheless, I had seen the discharge of the cannon; and amidst flames and flashes of fire, that in darkness and at night might have made an impressive spectacle, I witnessed the coffin literally blown up into the skies, whilst the acclamations of the populace sounded like thunder.

When I had self-possession to look at my own situation, I found that, though the *mahout* retained his seat on the neck of the elephant, the hinder half of our cushions had given way, and with them the worthy doctor had disappeared. I had enough to do to hold fast by the ropes; the *mahout* seemed to have resigned every attempt to regulate the creature, and we were advancing at a pace little short of a run up a woody track, that, leading from the stockade, promised to land us in the uninhabited jungle beyond the Shoe Dagon, whose glittering proportions, seen above the trees, loomed mystically on the left. But as we proceeded, the path narrowed, and the trees were of a larger size; and still, from time to time, the elephant, trumpeting, crashed amongst them—here rending away a branch, and there forcing himself through underwood, amidst which I expected every moment to be hurled like a cast-off caparison. We had probably advanced more than a mile at this reckless pace, when, an enormous tree coming in our way, the animal checked his speed for a minute; the next, turning upwards his trunk, and suddenly seizing the *mahout*, as a squirrel seizes a straw, he swung him with a wrench up into the tree, the amazed wretch howling with terror as he found himself fixed among the boughs. I could hardly help laughing, regardless of the fact that the same fate might be allotted to me. But no! the elephant, with a strange sound, that from a mouse would have been a squeak, continued his progress at a slower rate. I then discovered, as I thought, the cause of its anger: that tender part under or beside the ear, to which the *mahout* is wont to apply the goad which acts as spur, was raw and sore, the blood running from it down the poor creature's neck. The *mahout*, a stranger to the animal, in ignorance perhaps of the wound, if he had not indeed made it, had cruelly and unwisely used the goad, thereby irritating his charge to madness.

The poor creature now appeared perfectly tranquil; and presently the soil grew wet and boggy, and he tried cautiously to steer clear of the softest places, browsing the tender branches of some shrubs near us. I was considering the expediency of dismounting, and of endeavouring to find my way to the Shoe Dagon, now invisible, for we were at the bottom of a dell, and, I believed, approaching a creek which I knew ran in the direction we were taking; nor was it long ere the powerful and peculiar smell that saluted us assured me I was right. From it, I was certain that we were close to a little hamlet famous for the produce of that most offensive Burmese condiment, *gnapee* or *balichong*. Some of my readers may not know that this is a sort of paste, forming an essential article of diet at every Burman's meal, where it is consumed with everything: with rice, as if it were jam; with meat, as if it were mustard, only in larger proportions; and with fish, as if it were anchovy-sauce. Let me briefly add, that it is nothing but putrefied fish or prawns, which are in this state dried in an oven, and then pounded in a mortar with garlic, onions, spices, and a little salt; it is then put into a jar, and hot vinegar poured over it. After remaining for some time untouched, to let the acid penetrate and thoroughly saturate the *compo*, the jar is hermetically sealed, and set aside for some weeks—the longer the better. Wonderfully potent is the smell, and I have no doubt the taste is more so, but I wanted courage to give it a trial.

However, the strong effluvia of the gnapee was welcome to me as the 'gardens of Gál in their bloom,' for I knew that I was sure of finding at the creek some friendly ally of Pegu, or perhaps some of the Burmese flocking back to find safety under the conquering English, and who would conduct me to the stockade by a shorter track than any I could discover. But I had yet to wait awhile, for as I was preparing to slip off the elephant's back, the capricious animal trotted quickly on till, reaching an enormous cotton-tree, whose large showy scarlet and white blossoms had attracted him, he again stopped, and began to feed on them. Not long, however. A peculiar noise in the lofty tree beneath which we were placed drew my attention upwards—a crumpling and crushing of foliage, which startled the animal as well as myself. It did not resemble that which is made by a bird or a squirrel, and seemed to seek rather than to fly us. My first impression was that a man was in the branches, for monkeys I had not heard of in Ava. I am short of sight, but as I gazed intently, I became conscious of the proximity of a most unwelcome neighbour. I beheld a monstrous serpent right above me—its tail coiled and knotted about a branch of the tree—its gray, and green, and yellow-spotted skin and fiery eyes staring down into mine, while its huge head wavering to and fro, chilled me with horror; and in another instant the elephant also became cognizant of its presence, for it absolutely shivered as it stood, giving forth a sound so distinctly different from either the trumpeting of anger or the gigantic bass-squeak of satisfaction (so to speak), as proved that the modulations of the creature's voice were so many forms of expression given to it, as speech to man, by that Wisdom which allots to everything that lives its own peculiar language. In another instant, the serpent, releasing hold of the tree, swung itself with unimaginable velocity on the elephant's back, behind me. I felt the horrible reptile, as it weltered on the pack-saddle against which I leaned, and expected every moment to find myself within its coils. But at the touch of the serpent, mindless of marsh or bog, the elephant gave so sudden a spring that, weakened and paralysed by terror, I lost my hold of the fastenings by which I had hitherto kept my position, and before one could count three, found myself lying on a couch of the softest mud in all Burmah. When I was able to look about me, and saw that no hideous length of reptile was near, whilst the elephant's hasty steps as he crushed over the track we had so lately come by, led me to hope he had carried away the unacceptable visitor, I was heartily thankful to have had a landing-place so safe. The mud was not of any depth, and though I carried its colours on every stitch about me, I extricated myself without difficulty, and crawling quite to the other side of the jungle, far from the snake-haunted cotton-tree, sat quietly down, feeling an unusual sickness creep over me: in plain terms, I fainted.

I do not suppose this state of things continued very long; but I have no doubt that my recovery was accelerated by the powerful odour—more conducive to restoration from syncope than burnt feathers—exhaled from the persons of the three natives by whom I found myself supported. They were worthy men of Pegu, concoctors of gnapee, of which they carried huge jars for the Rangoon market; and the aroma of which might well have induced a stench-hating Bedouin—had he been within a furlong of it—to stuff his nostrils with the cotton of expulsion. Truly, I was thankful to have their ready assistance in my return to the stockade; and, faint and athirst, welcomed with no common relish the ripe bananas and cool water with which they liberally supplied me. At my quarters, I found the worthy doctor preparing to set forth on a search for me; and in great alarm, as shortly before I appeared, the refractory elephant had returned quietly to the

stockade. The doctor, like myself, had fallen without injury; but of the inexperienced mahout we heard nothing; and the elephant made no revelations of the manner by which he got rid of his serpent-rider.

PASSING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLETKH.

Thou passest by the bloomy spaces
Where, bathed in dew, the sumptuous rose
Among her sisters dreams and glows;
By fields where frolic zephyr traces
Light furrows o'er the bending grain,
Thou passest—coming not again.

By whispering wood-walks—copses green—
Those twinkling glooms, so cool and still,
Where blithe birds sing their loves, and fill
The shade with gladness most serene—
And by the brook whose babble greets
Thine ear, thy swift foot silent fleets.

By wrecks of time—by scenes of sorrow—
By pleasure, rapture, and despair—
By all that shapes this life of care—
The bright to-day, the dark to-morrow:
Nor till the grave's green sod is pressed,
Thy hasting, weary foot shall rest.

E. D. C.

THE LANDRAIL.

Did you ever take breakfast with a landrail, or dodge him through the bottoms of the furze? If you ever do, regard him as a morning fantasy or a sprite from cloud-land; the fellow is so incarnate in his deceit, so wily and sprite-like, that, for all we know, he may be the earthborn child of the Old one; he can die at a moment's notice, when you try to chase him down; and you may handle him, tumble him about, and he will lie as still and stark as a hurdle or a boiled salmon; but just put him down, and turn your back, and he will open one eye, and look wistfully into futurity, not forgetting the lee-side of the present; and, finding all clear, will be up on his feet and off into the shelter of the sedges before you can say 'Jack Robinson;' and you may grope there for two or three minutes, and, disappointed, rise from the wet ground just in time to see him skip away on his wings from the low bushes a furlong off, and to find yourself plastered with clay in return for your enthusiasm.—*Hibberd's Brambles and Bay Leaves.*

MONGHIR, THE BIRMINGHAM OF INDIA.

The natives of Monghir excel in the manufacture of guns, pistols, and rifles, many of them marked with the names of Manton, Egg, and other celebrated gunmakers. I have seen one or two of them fired off, and perhaps safely, with light charges. A sporting engineer belonging to our steamer bought a Manton for £1, 4s., and fired several times successively. These guns are very cleverly made; and a novice could not possibly detect that they had not been manufactured by those whose names they bear. Forks and knives, corkscrews, hammers, and other articles of hardware, of very good description, are also made here. Fans, table-mats, straw hats and bonnets, necklaces and bracelets, made of a wood resembling jet, &c., everything may be purchased very good, and at reasonable cost. In our visit to the bazaars, indeed all over the place, we were beset by beggars, who are excessively numerous, and in the most piteous and abject condition. All the hard work, it seems, is done by the women. I am told that they work much better than the men, and get but badly paid. About twenty brought the fuel required for our steamer, and put it on board, while the men were looking idly on.—*Journal of a Cavalry Officer.*

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